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J. L. Herring

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Judge

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THE PHENIX OF THE WEST.

The Phenix was a bird which rose immaculate from flames and ashes

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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COLONEL GRANT isn't much of a speechmaker, but he does quite as well as his father did at his age.

WHY DON'T the boodle aldermen of Montreal come here? A fair exchange is legitimate international robbery.

THE ABSENCE of the office-holders on long vacations would seem to indicate an impression that public office is a public bust.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS is fighting T. C. Platt harder than it ever fought the southern confederacy, and yet he is only one man.

"LEGISLATION CANNOT remove all our misfortunes," says Governor Hill. No, dear boy. We must wait until their terms expire.

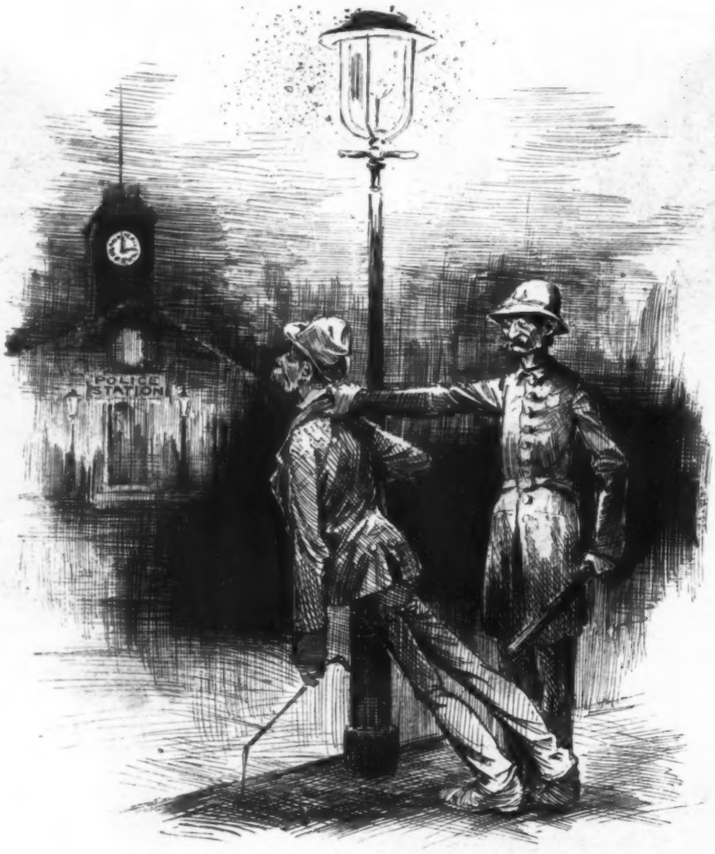
REPORTED THAT Maurice Bernhardt will come here and marry Mrs. Langtry; but we suspect that the lady and Freddy Gebhardt know better.

BROTHER EDMUNDS is the only one of the boys who hasn't orated at the county fair; but we dare say he has evoluted the frost necessary to potato-digging and the early husking.

A PRETTY GIRL set up a boot-blacking chair in Wall street and got not a single customer. This is a compliment to the boys of Wall street greater than they ever received before.

IT SEEMS that Ben Butler owes the national home for disabled soldiers something like $17,000. The general always was the curiousest man; and his ideas as to finance are so peculiar!

IT IS SAID to be the fashion for ladies to paint their ears so that they may resemble sea-shells; and we have no doubt that, like the shells in question, they hold the roar of the mighty she.



AN ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENON.

PATROLMAN—"Hi, there! Move on. What are you looking at?"
BELATED CITIZEN—"Eh? Mosh won'ful thing ever saw. See thosh black streaksh on the moon?"
PATROLMAN—"Eh? I guess you'd better come with me and look at 'em. You're apt to fall into a sewer by standing out here."

KEY NOTES.

The New York *Sun*, usually so rational and broad in its politics, unwisely sneers at that portion of the Republican platform adopted at Saratoga regulating national support of the state canals. The *Sun* says the federal government has no more business with the canals than with a gutter between one and another part of the city of New York. The sewer illustration is not a good one. We all know that for simple state uses the canals have outgrown their purpose. The fleece of our meadows and the shearing of our forests are marketed over lines that no water-ways can reach. The canals have been changed into channels of inter-state traffic. Duluth empties its Red river wheat and the harvests gathered at the foot of the Rocky mountains are poured seaward over their untaxed waters. Why should not the states and territories it benefits by direct cheap—or indirectly by its competitive restriction—pay their fair and just proportion in the light stipend for their maintenance? If New York state gives a work as costly as a Pacific railroad, should it also be so unjust to its people as to be charitable forever? The west is too big and independent to take alms. It is time that the government which builds levees on western rivers, dredges bayous, and drains for sanitary purposes the Potomac flats, should do its honest duty. Before the Erie canal was built one hundred miles of the Mohawk was a semi-navigable stream. Bateaus of freight were pulled or poled up its current. All that this river parallel length of the canal now is is a stream with the "carries" taken out and the spready waters hemmed in by banks to make a second-story river. Justice is always good policy, and state pride is ridiculous when it exacts an enforced tax to maintain canals for the use and helping of other and distant states.

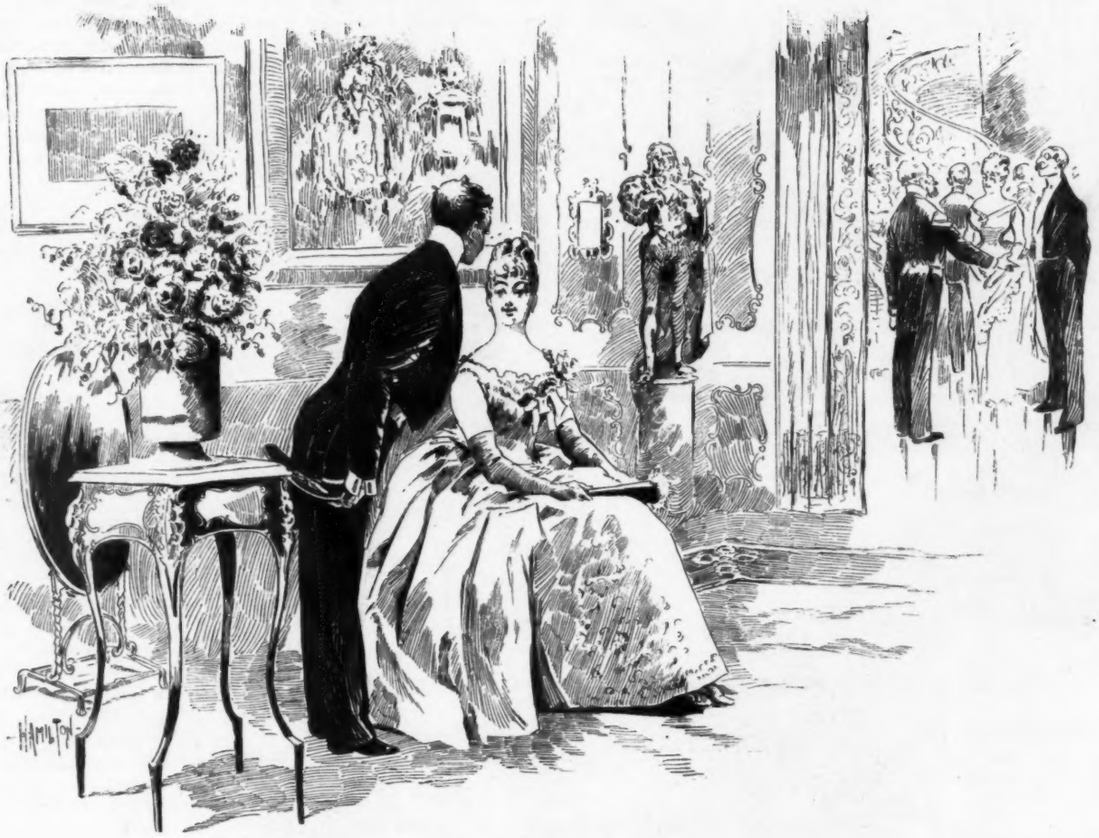
ROBERT GARRETT is censured for paying $300 a day for a palace car; but if a man has money and doesn't spend it he is a mean miser who has no regard for the public and affection only for himself.

WE ARE REMINDED by the *Inter-Ocean* that the parties have begun to point with pride, as well as to view with alarm. It is sweet to be thus reminded of the sacred past; but how about the sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty?

NOWADAYS IT is the custom whenever a clergyman leaves his pulpit to say he is to be the successor of Henry Ward Beecher, and several gentlemen have thus had the pangs of idleness soothed to a remarkable degree.

THE DEMOCRATIC CIRCUS.

The great combination circus is again on the road. The band will play free trade and protective tariff tunes, according to locality and under the direction of the leader. For months the bill-boards have been posted with picturesque promises of the wonderful performance. The great Democratic tiger is shown in the "blood-curdling" feat of swallowing the Republican party, chewing up the records of the rebellion, and, with both comfortably inside him, climbing a liberty pole and snatching from its top the chaplet of victory, amid the glow of red and green fires to symbolize the new political millenium. Bayard is pictured in the adroit, difficult, and astonishing diplomatic feat of jumping into the English lion's mouth (pried open by Minister Phelps) with a codfish in one hand and the American flag in the other; then turning a Delaware somersault in the interior of the animal, emerging and presenting himself to the American audience, with the fish hand empty, and the stars and stripes metamorphized into the English flag. Lord Salisbury, announced as tendering his services for the occasion, is to show in the great double act of jumping through the Irish home-rule hoop and in continuous flight breaking through the congressional retaliatory resolution hoop, amid rounds of applause from the cabinet and the Canadian and English spectators present. The civil-service farce is shown as a superb dissolving view. "Driving the rascals out" is pictured by showing the veterans departing before the administration confederate police, who are using Higgins and other heelers as clubs. An illustration of the campaign magnifying glass, used to



AT NEWPORT.

LIEUT.-COL. BRITTONNE (*of the Legation*)—"The Duke has just arrived, Mrs. Bentharr. Will you allow me to present him?"
MRS. BENTHARR—"Thank you ever so much, but Mr. Bentharr's former wife has entered suit for alimony, and I know he'd object to have any more scandal in the family until that is settled."

detect Republican defalcation, is also given, four hundred thousand lies in diameter. But hold! the procession has begun. The elephant, smeared with mugwump whitewash, appears. The cracks in the enamel are carefully covered with tapestry copies of the New York *Times* and *Harper's Weekly*. We pause while the band begins to play.

WE DON'T KNOW whether Brother Foraker was snubbed or not; but when a man gets an egg in his pocket and absent-mindedly sits down on it, he is wise if he relieves himself with the least possible amount of conspicuity.

GOVERNOR HILL led the cheering for Colonel Grant at the fair at Newburg, "lustily swinging his tall hat." That is good and manly politics, and an indorsement of the original indorsement of the colonel by his excellency.

THEIR RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

The mugwumps of Massachusetts kick against the local Democratic ticket. It seems that the Democrats wanted their own man and their own platform, and to some extent their own ideas in general, if they happen to have any, and of course no self-respecting mugwump would tolerate such impudence as that. Then, too, there are two or three local federal offices that are held by Democrats, and of course they thought these Democrats should be shoved out and they should be shoved in. The stubbornness of the president and the Democrats of Massachusetts in these respects is matter for the largest astonishment.

TO THOSE WHO CAN WAIT.

COUSIN GEORGE—"I've a confession to make to you, Grace, something I've intended to tell you for some time, and"—
GRACE (*who has been patiently waiting on George for two years*)—"Oh, George! this is so sudden (*after a sigh*), but, go on."
GEORGE—"Well, I'm—I'm going to be married."

SENATOR EVARTS says in effect that the turnips raised on his Vermont farm cost him a dollar apiece; but there is the fun of bossing the raising of them and wearing the old hat and the thick, muddy boots that bespeak the agriculturist.

MR. CLEVELAND says Mrs. Cleveland doesn't want to do anything in which she may not appear as an adjunct to or incident in her husband's career. The lady says nothing publicly, but if she doesn't take that man by the career and talk to him like a mother in private she has not the high spirit we suspect she has.

IF MR. WARNER MILLER has anger in his soul he had better shoot it off at the interviewers, who are doing him gross injustice; for of course he meant what he said at Saratoga, and he never said what they say he said in conversations elsewhere.

BACK FROM THE MAINE WOODS.

BARSTOW—"Shot him yourself, Jack?"
TRAIN—"Yaas; had tough work with him, too."
BARSTOW—"What guide did you have this year?"
TRAIN—"Dirty Johnson."
BARSTOW—"What does 'Dirty' charge for letting you lie about the game he kills this season? He was too steep for me last year."

disturbances of 1863. The Montezuma peroid will come next, and perhaps there won't be enough leading citizens left to control the voting or fill the offices.

Two weeks ago a New Haven millionaire married a variety actress, and by Jove! there hasn't been a divorce yet.

It ought to be understood that a man isn't ineligible to office merely because he is the son of his father.

It is finally discovered what Maurice Bernhardt was born for. It is his mission in life to lick the traducers of his mother.

We know not who wrote the plays of William Shakespeare, but it is doubtless true that our own McGarigle is the man in the iron mask.

A Kentucky editor has disappeared leaving debts to the amount of $48. It isn't often that a Kentucky editor can be got rid of as cheap as that.

A Newport woman prays the court for an order to prohibit her husband speaking to her. That little word put in edgewise has always been productive of trouble; yet on the other side there is that terrible monopoly of speech.

It is a curious fact that no woman has been known to commit suicide on the eve of her marriage, and that hundreds of men have. The only explanation of this is that the women have saved and comforted themselves by eloping with the other individual.

When the mind cure furnishes a one-legged man with a cork accompaniment that will be what is called business.

HUM OF THE COURT.

The king of Bavaria spends much of his time peeling potatoes; so here is a king who is good for something after all.

"You want my books?" says Charles Crocker. "What, gentlemen! do you take me for a circulating library?"

In Mexico some venerable and some younger parties are fighting duels and killing each other over the Maximilian

STRAUSS ON UNDERTAKERS.

"Py chiminetty! uf you talk apoud cheek den I baed you dot feller dot got his store der corner py unt sells coffins unt gaskets unt calls himselluf a funeral conductor vas corner der pretzel." Strauss had on his best suit and had evidently been out to a funeral, and had stopped to wipe off the bar on his way into the inner room.

"What was der racket, Strauss?" said the newsboy as he laid his papers on the icebox.

"Bimby Hofensack buried his wife agen alreaty; dot makes tree vife, unt he got dis same funeral prakeman or conductor efery time unt Bimby said it looks more delicateness uf I seddle der pill mit der mans, Chonny. Ish dot so?"

"Dat's all right, Strauss; wot uv it?" and Johnny waited anxiously.

"Vell, I ask it dot veller how much is dot pill, Chonny, unt he vinks me around der corner unt he says, 'Mr. Hofensack got pad luck mit his family relations unt vas git a good many vifes, unt I vill gife him twenty per cent. discount uf he gifes me his peesness right along;'" and Strauss drew two glasses mild for himself and Johnny, laughed softly to himself, and went in search of Loweesa.

CHRONIC.

BATESBY (*who has length*)—"I've been watching you all the evening, old man. What makes you walk that way?"
CADLEY (*who hasn't*)—"Weally, ol' fel', cawn't help it, 'pon hon'r cawn't. Been playing tennis all summer 'n had to do it."

BUZZ SAWS.

A strong point—Hunter's Point.

It takes a mighty small cloud to hide the sun.

Money flies pretty fast, considering that it has no wings.

A cobbler is not necessarily a glutton, although he is always pegging in.

Some people are so sensitive that they seem to have corns all over them.

A lazy clerk sometimes becomes industrious when he gets in business for himself.

To pretend that you are younger than you are is like trying to beat the government by dropping an unstamped letter in the box.

INNOCENT CHILDHOOD.

The author of little Louis's being, a precocious youngster of tender years, went on a journey.

The day after his departure Louis's mamma said to him at bedtime:

"And now you must pray to the good Father to send papa back soon."

"Oh, no, mamma! we mustn't trouble the good Father with that. We must send a telegram."

ON THE BOX.

MRS. DENSUADE—"Here come the Van Amringes, Harold. You remember we met them at Narragansett. Shall I bow?"

MR. DENSUADE—"Decidedly no! When Van Amringe pulled me out of the watah after that beastly cramp, y' know, he was cad enough to get mad when I asked him which Turkish bath establishment he was employed at in the city."

A PUZZLER.

Miss Lilly was teaching Master Charley manners.

"When you do anything that annoys any one you must say, 'I beg your pardon.'"

"Yes," interrupted Master Charley, "that's all very well, but what do you say when people are rude to you?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Lilly, embarrassed.

"Oh, I know!" said her young pupil triumphantly. "You say, 'Go to thunder!'"

REFLECTIONS OF A MOSQUITO.

My best friend is the baldheaded man.

Like a ball player I often go out on a fly.

I am what the small boy calls a hummer.

The hand of every man is some time or other raised against me.

Some of the prettiest girls in the world have tried to mash me.

Many a girl who has had a pin sticking in her has blamed her trouble to me.

While not as wise as the owl, I am more fly than the industrious ant.

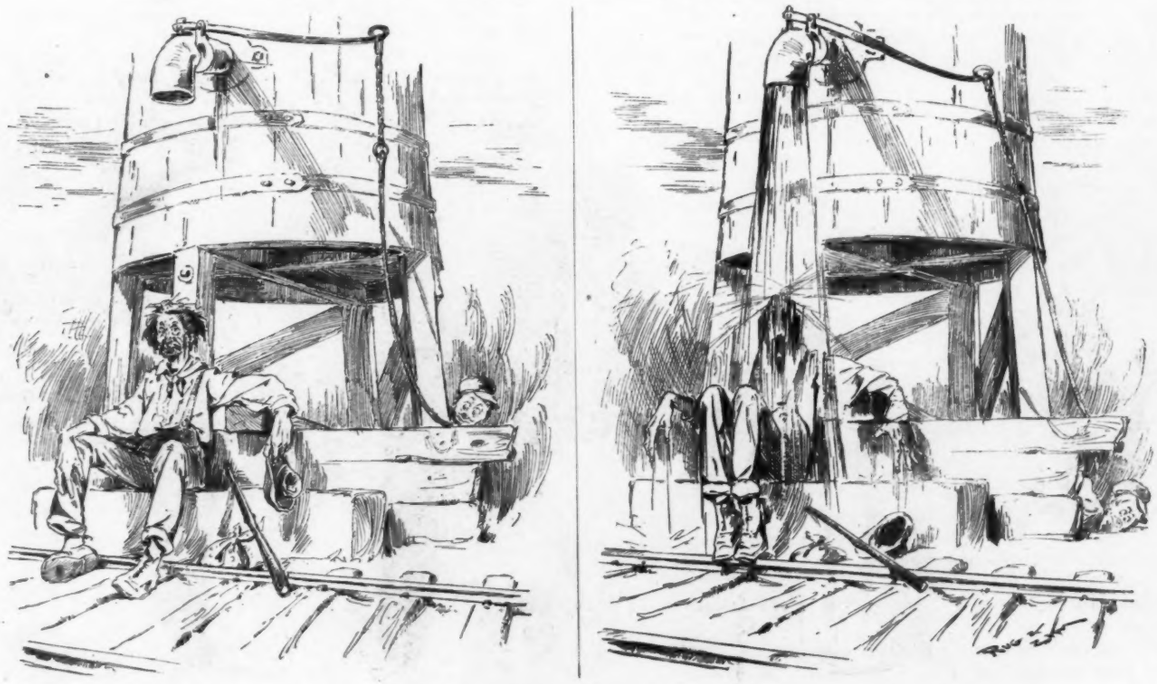
Like the wandering Jew, who left devastation wherever he went, I arouse a great deal of bad blood.

The mosquito is the most religious of insects. He chastises the wicked man who goes fishing on Sunday.

CAN'T HELP HIMSELF.

"Is it true that the Hebrews have such an abhorrence of hog-meat?" asked Cora.

"Yes," replied Miss Snyder, "it is part of their religion. A Jew never says 'ham' except when he is clearing his throat."



PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

WEARY PEDESTRIAN—"Oh for a shower! This dusty weather takes all the pleasure out of traveling."

He got it.

DIDN'T COUNT.

"What are your intentions in regard to my daughter, sir?" demanded old Rascible.

"My intentions?" echoed De Smythe. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Didn't you ask her to marry you?"

"Yes, but that was at a summer resort."

JUST THE PLACE.

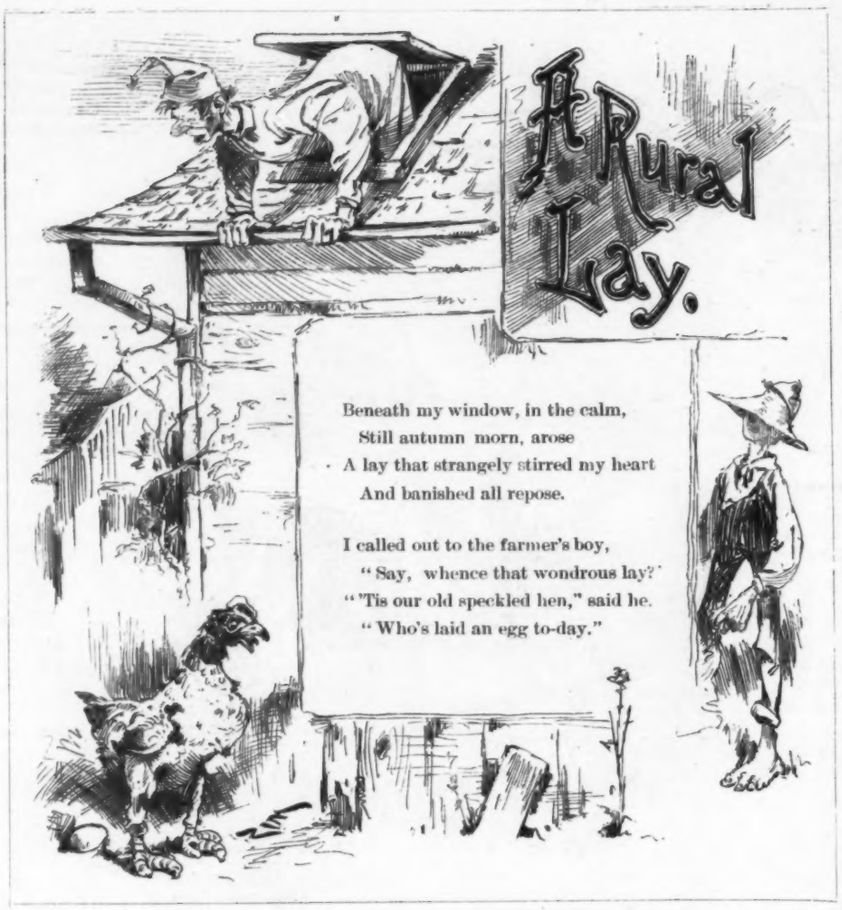
Read in the advertising columns of a Swiss newspaper:

"*Wierbach*, in the Bernese Oberland. The favorite resort of all who love solitude. Visitors come there in crowds from the four quarters of the globe."

TALKING SHOP.

"You must be a good judge of human nature," said a young lady of a scientific turn to a photographer. "Would you mind telling me what you find to be the most common type of men?"

"Tintypes, ma'am," replied the photographer; "four for twenty-five."



A NEW METHOD WITH THE SICK.

"Doctor, do you think I shall recover?"

"I don't think anything about it, I know it."

And pulling a paper out of his pocket he hands it to the patient.

"Here are the statistics relative to your case. You see that one out of every hundred is cured."

"Well?" asks the sick man, nearly frightened to death at the announcement.

"Well! you're the hundredth I've treated; the other ninety-nine I lost."

SURE SIGNS.

"What makes you think that old Moneybags is at last reconciled to his daughter's marriage to young Merritt?" asked Mrs. Cobwigger.

"Because," replied Mr. Cobwigger, "I saw the old man come out in the yard this evening with slippers on and tie up the dog."

A SURE SIGN.

"You ought to have seen Mr. Merritt last night," said Mamie. "He was awfully intoxicated."

"How do you know he was drunk?" asked Cora, doubting her friend.

"Because," was the reply, "he came into the drugstore where I was and asked for something to cure an attack of sunstroke."

SHOCKING.

Mrs. Smithers—"Mrs. Rathbun dresses elegantly, doesn't she? I wonder if she uses *Godey's Magazine*?"

Mrs. Cimoon—"Oh, no, I guess not. I've heard her say often that she wanted her dresses rich but not *Godey*."

THE REASON WHY.

"Why do people use the word 'cheek' instead of 'brass' when referring to the self-assurance of a drummer?" asked Merritt.

"Because," replied Miss Snyder, "they wish to specify something that is more enduring than brass."

FAMILY AFFECTION.

"Going to ask all your kinsfolk up to your birthday dinner, Brown?"

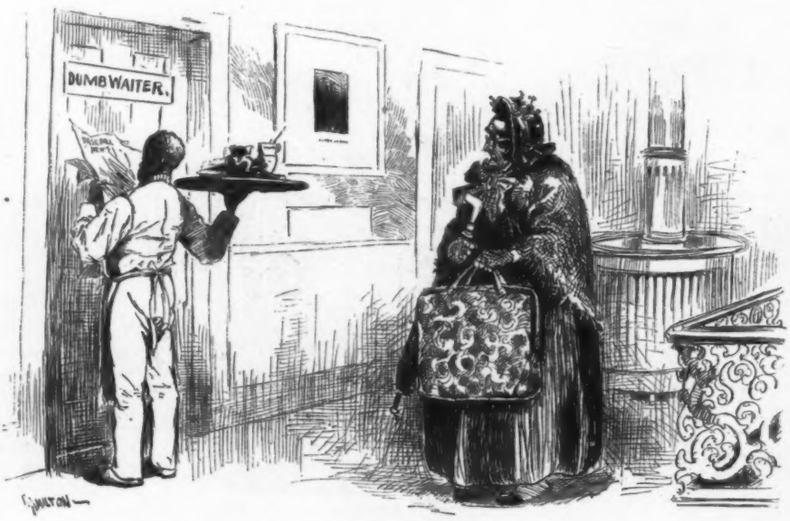
"No, Jones, they won't any of them be there. My wife says she intends to have only friends with us on that day."

HIS PRACTICAL VALUE.

Tommy (aged five)—"What do you do to the theatre, Mister Simpkins?"

Simpkins (a dude)—"D-do to the theatre, my little man? I don't do anything at the theatre. I am not an actor. W-what put that in your head?"

Tommy—"Well, sister Annie said she wouldn't have you around only she thought you were good for the theatre once a week."



AN OBJECT OF PITY.

(*Compassionate old lady from the country, reading sign*)—"Poor fellow! I wonder if he is deaf, too."

WHAT A PITY!

Unavailing gratitude.

"Ah, sir!" declared a bore who had just succeeded in borrowing a dollar, "I'd even throw myself into the water for you."

"You needn't wait for the opportunity," said the lender, "as I never bathe."

A TOAST.

The physicians—They do us too much good to allow us to say anything ill of them; they make us feel too ill to allow us to say anything good of them.

The autumn leaves are here,
Oh, dear!
My wife will gather them,
I fear.
She says they'll look "real sweet" when pressed;
I suppose she must know best,
But I myself am so distressed,
I drop a tear.

If in any of my books
I look,
Or my papers they are "took,"
And shook,
A shower of leaves from them will spring
Like robin redbreasts on the wing,
Covering up most everything,
Except the cook.

I have begged upon my knees
The breeze
Would not another leaf blow off
The trees;
For it makes me really wilt,
To see the house that I have built
Transformed into a crazy quilt,
By these
Blankity blank!! blanked!!!
Autumn leaves. CHIP.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"It's an awful sin for a man to go to the races and lose the money that his family ought to have," said Mrs. Cantwell; "but if he can go there and win money I don't think it is any worse than speculating in Wall street."

AT THE CAPITOL.

Visitor—"Who are all those men standing around the senate?"

Resident—"O, they are senators."

Visitor—"Are there any inside?"

Resident—"Yes, there is one inside, but it is Evarts, and he is making a speech."

WILLIE'S MISTAKE.

New York boy—"Oh, ma, what a funny little narrow belt!"

New York mother—"That isn't a belt, Willie. That's the waist to your sister's new ball dress."

HOW SHE MANAGED IT.

DeHaven—"I tell you what, DeYoung, I have the sharpest wife you ever saw in your life. Why, the other day I gave her just barely enough money to go out and buy one dress, and if you'll believe it she came home with two."

DeYoung—"That *is* sharp. How did she manage it?"

DeHaven—"Why, she bought one and the other she had on when she went out."

NO WONDER.

"My dear fellow, you'll scarcely credit it, but my wife will insist on keeping the servant we have now, in spite of the fact that she's a poor cook, untidy and a thief."

"Yes, but you must remember that she's also ugly."

It is only when in love that the gambler is satisfied to hold a small hand.

HIS STOCK IN DANGER.

SMALL BOYS—"Say, Farmer Waterall, yer cow is out in th' back yard wid a turnip stuck in its throat, an' it'll choke if yer don't hurry up." And—

Farmer Waterall investigates.

NOT TOO MUCH.

Customer (to barber)—"Why do you charge me fifteen cents for a shave?"

Barber—"That's right, sir; a plain shave is ten cents, but you had a bay rum cocktail with lavender bitters. Next!"

IT WORKS WELL.

Brown—"What are you doing these days, Jenkins?"

Jenkins—"Well, I am lecturing for the anti-poverty society."

Brown—"But you don't believe in it?"

Jenkins—"Don't I believe in it? I am making more money with less work than I have since I was an alderman."

NOT FIXED FOR COMPANY.

Maid (to absent-minded invalid)—"The doctor is here, sir."

Absent-minded invalid—"Well, you just tell him that I am not able to see anyone to-day."

A BIT OF WISDOM.

Found in an album.

"The most effective raillery is that which cannot be answered without rendering the victim ridiculous."

"Conundrums are invaluable in society. They constitute the single amusement which succeeds in making the stupid seem witty and the wise foolish."

HARD TO CATCH.

"When do they hold the post-mortem on the dead letters at Washington, pa?" asked little Johnny, who felt sure he had at last stumped the old man.

"When they open them, my boy," chuckled old Brown, looking very funny.

A POINT IN GRAMMAR.

Pupil—"Is it proper to say 'the weather is delightful'?"

Teacher—"No, you should say 'the weather is disgraceable.'"

"L" CRANKS.

The person who would sooner stand up than ride backward.

The man who is always asking the conductor for his number.

The man who loses his hat out of the window and wants to jump after it.

The woman who can't find any other place for her bundles than a vacant seat.

The hot-headed being who curses the conductor for not letting him on after the gates are closed.

The absent-minded wight who doesn't know he has reached his station until the gates are closed.

The obstinate citizen who insists upon standing on the platform when there is plenty of room inside.

The man in the right often gets left in this world.

THE CIRCUS ST

CIRCUS STARTS!

THE BLUE PENCIL CLUB

SOMEHOW the news of the strange transactions of the club had got so generally circulated that the room was full at the next meeting and chairs had to be borrowed from the undertaker down stairs, and Bostwick looked actually sacreligious as he sat on one of the pedestals covered with serge which had upheld so many caskets in its honorable career. Before the president could allude to the strange revelations of the Bohemian who attended our last meeting, a long-haired, cadaverous youth with a remarkably well-fitted coat and a pliable, cavernous mouth addressed the chair.

"Mr. President, perhaps an introduction will not be necessary, as many present know me in my professional capacity. You may have met me at watering places where I give readings in the parlors for a sleeping-place up stairs. Or you may have seen me at private parties, where I fill in the intervals with selections from Shakespeare or the modern poets. If so the name of Slidell Banks is not unknown to you."

The president nodded assent and the club looked curiously to see if he had any manuscript sticking out of his pocket. "Elocution has had its effect not only on the rostrum, pulpit, and stump, but it has made itself felt in literature," said Banks pleasantly. "Poems are now written with a view to being picked up and recited by eminent readers. The novel is written so that if the author becomes famous his book will sound well read in public. History is even written in dramatic episodes, so that the elocutionist may hack off an age or period and give it in public. Elocution is becoming the most popular entertainment of our day. Perhaps you have noticed how susceptible people are becoming. Sometimes now, when ''Ostler Joe,' or 'Mulberry Bill,' or the 'Angels of Buena Vista' is going to be given, the whole roomful are so afraid of the pathetic parts making them weep that they leave the room."

Bostwick said he had noticed it, but had attributed it, to a different feeling.

"Sentiment, pure sentiment," said Banks, "or possibly some have been careless and provided no handkerchief to weep in. I have seen them come back wiping off their chin and eyes. But as a literary club I wish to give you a specimen of a new venture in elocution. In this poem, when printed, there will be beside each verse a figure of a man in the attitude and making the gesture appropriate to the text, for you will notice that every verse demands a gesture. I flatter myself I have struck a new thing in declamation, and I only ask that no man give me away. I call my little effusion

A MOMENT OF PERIL

Through the northern Rocky mountains pierces the Canadian line
Where the snowy peaks in splendor near Mount Head in whiteness shine.
Where the shriek of locomotives wake the echoes long asleep,
Where the centuries of silence wrap the pines in quiet sleep;

Where the grizzly in the grandeur of his undisputed sway
Walked amid the hills and valleys, striking down his cowering prey,
While the eagle screamed and whistled as he soared in circles wide,
Where the cataract is tumbled down the craggy mountain side.

There along these mountain ledges man has carved an iron path
Hanging o'er the dizzy edges, careless of the whirlwind's wrath;
Leaping o'er the gruesome chasms where no bottom may be seen,
Then adown some winding pathway where the pines are dark and green;

Where the red man of the forest trembles as he hears the shriek
Of the fire-devouring monster clothed in thunder smoke and reek,
And he, shuddering, folds his blanket round his cowering form and flies
To the distant forest canons where no shrieks of fury rise.

Here the tourist from the city, pale and careworn, seeketh health
Leaving far behind ambition and the lust of sudden wealth,
And the youthful and the aged clad in fashion's latest guise,
Feast their souls on balmy odors and on scenery grand their eyes.

But 'tis here 'mid these surroundings that the tale I have to tell
With its horror and its anguish just a year ago befell;
And the pathos and the sorrow shall oppress the coming years,
And weigh down my troubled spirit, so you must not mind my tears.

Stopped the train upon the summit of that far Canadian hill,
While the passengers in rapture of the scenery drank their fill;
Or picked flowers along the roadside, or drank water from the spring,
Or in parties walked o'er trestles, lifting up the voice to sing.

"All aboard," cried the conductor, "for I hear approaching now
The express from the Pacific coming round the mountain's brow;
I must reach yon switch and siding in ten minutes, or a crash
Will hurl us down the mountain side in one eternal smash."

But they hear a cry before them; on the trestle, prone at rest,
Lies a brawny fellow voyager, with a tree across his breast
Which had fallen from the mountain and had cast him on his back
In the middle of the trestle and the centre of the track.

Then a hundred cheeks grew pallid as they heard the coming train,
And a hundred eyes were moistened by a sympathetic rain,
And a hundred willing fingers pulled the wretched man in vain,
While around the curve before them thundered on the coming train.

"Let my wife bend down and kiss me, let my children say farewell;
Do not wait for axe to clear me, for a minute now will tell
Of the end of life's brief story and the future's gruesome gloom;
Lay some garment o'er my features that I may not see my doom."

Then already came the tremble of the bridge beneath the train,
And the wife and children staggered as they backward ran in pain,
When up spake a collar drummer from the goodly town of Troy.
"I can save that pinioned victim with the help of one small boy.

"Take him by the collar, cully; when I say, pull with your might,
For I see the locomotive comes around the curve in sight.
This man's a New York boodler, don't you know what you're about?
When I say 'Judge Barrett wants you,' you will see him quick slide out."

Then with the roar of thunder the express went on its way,
Sweeping off the heavy tree-top as a giant would at play,
While the wife lay on the bosom of the rescued man in tears
And the passengers in rapture gave three very hearty cheers.

But the modest little drummer from the goodly town of Troy
Was the centre of attraction in that tearful scene of joy,
And he said in doing business he adhered to one old plan,
Which is, "Don't unpack your samples till you've measured up your man."

A DELICATE MATTER.

MISS KANE—"I think my girth has broken, Michael."
THE NEW GROOM (*who has learned his trade at Delmonico's as a reserve waiter*)—"Yis, me leddy (*modestly*); yure chapperroon 'll soon be wid yez. Sh e's jist risin' th' hill wid th' vhictoria (devil take the name!)"

"What I claim on," said the elocutionist, as he rolled up his manuscript and diagrams and replaced them in his pocket, "is the figure accompaniment for teaching elocution. The poetry is nothing but a garment in which to dress an idea."

"Excuse me if I remark," said the president, "that your literary garment is rather low-necked. In fact there is a good deal of naked truth under the guise of fiction."

"Do you consider it right to deceive an audience with such a burlesque ending as that? You work on people's feelings for nothing," said Skaggs.

"Not at all," said Banks. "Working on people's feelings is all the hard work I do, and I never do it for nothing either."

"We have wasted the whole evening and we will sit down and stand adjourned one week;" and the president hit the desk with the gavel in a striking manner.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

JUDGE AND THE PLAY.

Still "A Dark Secret"—Who frowed dat brick?

Philip Goatcher of Wallack's is the happy father of half a dozen little Goats.

It's a durn poor first night nowadays that hasn't General Sherman as an accessory before and after the fact.

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There is a suspicion abroad that Francis Wilson is suffering from a severe and malignant attack of hydrocephalus.

"The Marquis," the new opera at the Casino is made up in about equal parts of pretty girls, nice plot, catching music, the best marching ever produced on the stage, and a sumptuousness as to scenery rarely approached; and the trio of music, grace, and beauty presented by Lilian Grubb, Bertha Rici and Belle Urquhardt is worth going miles to see and hear.

A well-known light-opera singer and "filler in" of comedy roles said the other night that he thought Philadelphia was more addicted to foolish maidens and slim-waisted dissipation than any other city on the continent. While there recently he received a letter from two young women, well connected and who moved in the best circles of quaker city society, enclosing two tickets for a certain art exhibition that was to take place the next day, and asking him to do them the favor of accepting and using them; their object being, as they said, "to see how he looked off the stage." They said that they would not meet him or make themselves known, nevertheless they would be present and regard him from a distance. "Cheeky?" said the actor. "Well, rawther. I gave the tickets to our property man and the gentleman who manipulates the gas, and made them promise to take in the exhibition. If they did, the young ladies no doubt no longer consider me an Adonis, for the property chap was a terror on looks and the gas man only one degree removed."

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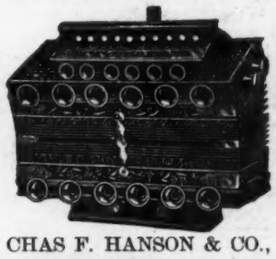
$3.00  $3.00

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"But I had expected to be a lecturer or secretary," cried the dismayed orator.

"Their time is past; we have carried our point. We don't need any more mouth-workers," replied the officer.

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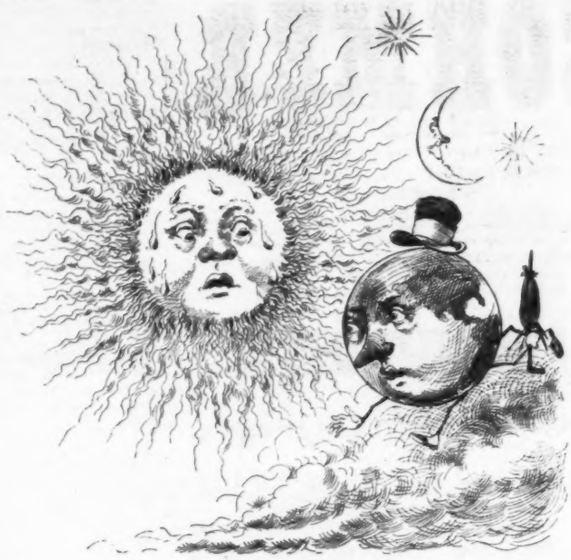

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Gone is the summer, its sweets and its roses—
Harvest is past and the summer is gone.

Plaintively sighing, the brown leaves are falling,
Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long;
In the dim starlight the katydids, calling,
Hush into slumber the brook and its song.
Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping,
Gone are the gleaners and finished the reaping,
Blossom and bee with the song bird are sleeping—
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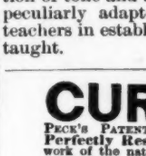

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